

BRITAIN'S GLORY;

O R,

A TRIP TO PORTSMOUTH.

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

IN ONE ACT,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

IN THE

HAY-MARKET,

WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE.

BY THE LATE MR. BENSON,

OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE,

AUTHOR OF LOVE AND MONEY, &c.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Captain Freeman,.....Mr. DAVIES,
Heartly,.....Mr. BLAND,
Cabin,.....Mr. BENSON.
Rudder,.....Mr. BANNISTER,
Bowspit,.....Mr. COOK,
Sergeant Firelock,.....Mr. C. KEMBLE,
Corporal Cartridge,.....Mr. PALMER, Jun.
Flimsey,.....Mr. LIONS,
Landlord,.....Mr. LEDGER,
Joe,.....Mr. CROSS,
Dick,.....Mr. WALDRON, Jun.

Countrymen, Soldiers, Sailors, &c.

WOMEN.

Peggy,.....Mrs. KEMBLE,
Harriet,.....Miss DECAMP,
Dolly,.....Miss HEARD,
Sally,.....Miss TIDSWELL,
Deborah,.....Mrs. BOOTH,
Susan,.....Mrs. BLAND,

Country Girls, &c.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
THE COUNTESS OF LEICESTER.

MADAM,

IF I were under no particular obligations that prompt me to address the following pages to your Ladyship, the general respect in which your character is held for benevolence of temper, and affability of manners, would be sufficient to excuse me for taking such a liberty. However, as I have the strongest reason for believing that your Ladyship is among the number of those who

“ Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame,”

and are averse to any public homage, of those virtues which constitute their aim and happiness in private, I shall presume no farther than to add, that I am,

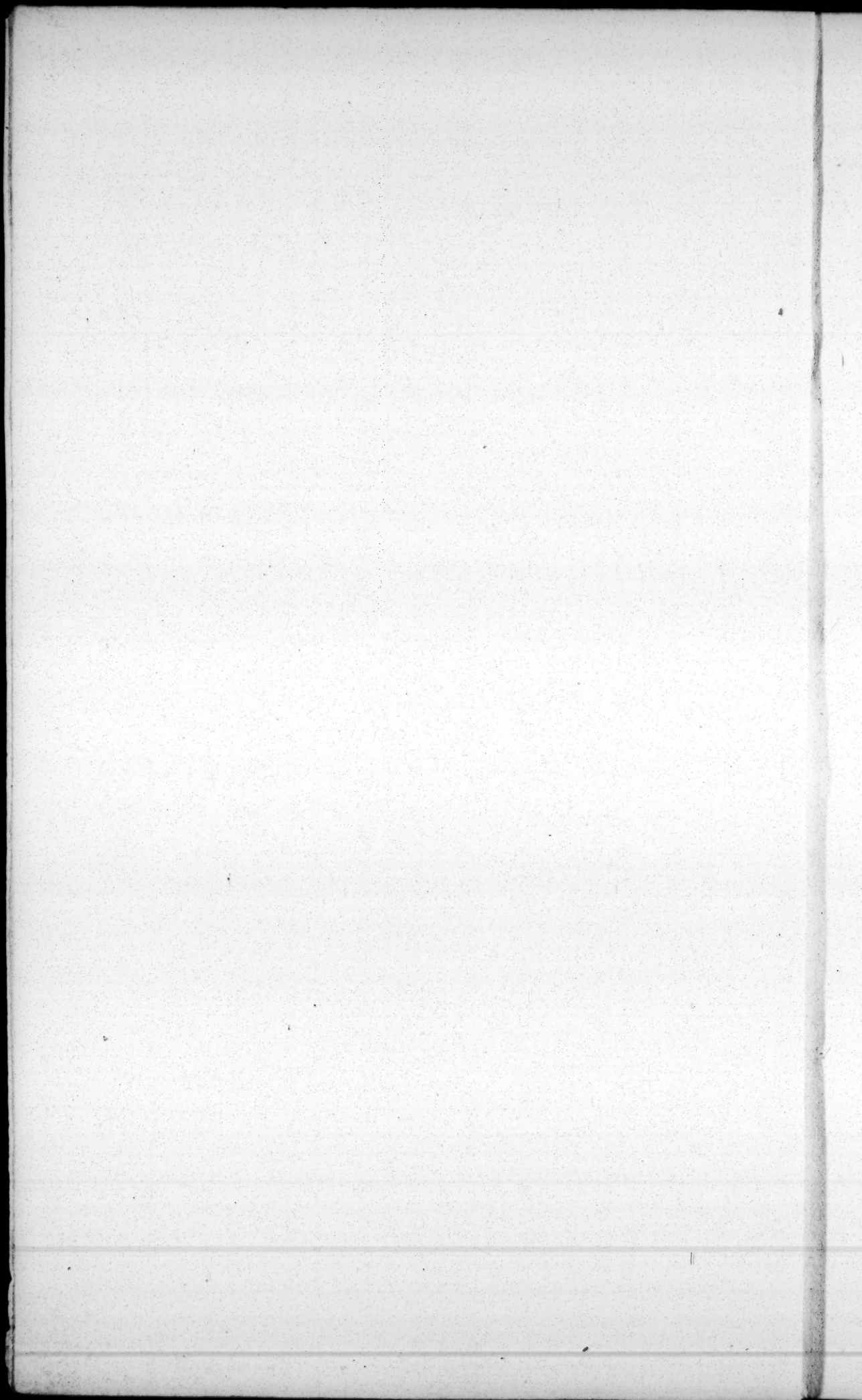
MADAM,

With the utmost respect and gratitude,

Your Ladyship's

No. 45,
Little-Russell-Street,
Bloomsbury.

Obliged humble Servant,
SUSANNA BENSON.



BRITAIN'S GLORY;

O R,

A TRIP TO PORTSMOUTH.

SCENE.—A STREET IN PORTSMOUTH.

Enter HEARTLY, Captain FREEMAN, and Sailors following him. FREEMAN calls after HEARTLY.

Freeman.

HEARTLY!

Heartly. Ha! welcome from sea, Captain Freeman, I need not ask your success, for I have heard, and rejoiced at it.

Freeman. Well, but the news at Portsmouth, how are the Ladies, Charles? the beauties, the angels?

Heartly. Ay, ay, they are always the first objects a sailor enquires for, when he is safe landed.

Freeman. Certainly, though to tell you the truth, my particular enquiry is only directed to one beauty, Miss Montague, the ward of that curmudgeon, old Scrapeall.

Heartly.

Heartly. How! a sailor, and think only of one woman, that's strange indeed; however, Jack, if your thoughts must be confined to one, take my advice, and do not let that one be Miss Montague, for her guardian is resolved to marry her to a rich blockhead, that he has lately formed an acquaintance with.

Freeman. Impossible! why, when I parted from him last, he consented that I should espouse my Harriet on my return, and he can have no reason to break his promise.

Heartly. Well, well, then I have been misinformed; but there is something else that may draw your attention, His Majesty means to honour his fleet with a visit, which is a high gratification to the mind of every officer; and I am sure to your's in particular.

Freeman. Right; and I think I may venture to say he will see a set of as gallant fellows as ever manned the British navy: while our fleet can boast of such spirits as distinguished themselves so honourably in our late engagement, England has little to fear from the insolent threats of our vaunting enemies.

Heartly. Is it true, that the French intended to grant no quarter to their prisoners, had victory declared in their favour?

Freeman.

Freeman. I fear it is; however, we scorned to adopt such measures, and have treated ours with the greatest indulgence,—to insult even a foe labouring under misfortunes, is unworthy the character of an Englishman.

Heartly. It is said the fleet will soon put to sea again.

Freeman. The sooner the better, Charles; I never feel more satisfaction than when I am joining my endeavours to chastise the enemies of my country.

S O N G.

Ye true sons of Britain! whose valour and zeal,
All Europe must honour, all nations must feel,
While with wreaths of fresh laurel your temples are
bound,

And the thunders of conquest o'er ocean resound,
Gallant Howe led the way, British tars won the day,
Whose hearts, warm and steady,
Were loyal and ready,

To prove, that our glory—will never decay.

Our navy triumphant, shall guard our fair isle,
Where the Loves and the Graces exultingly smile;
Where the natives are dauntless, and still shall be blest,
For the bulwark of Freedom is rear'd in each breast;
Then for Howe let us join, a proud wreath to entwine,
While true British glory

Shall still live in story,
For Fame gives to Valour—a title divine.

The

The breezes that bore them across the wide sea,
 Like the champions of Virtue and Britain, were free;
 The white foaming billows were glitt'ring and gay,
 Reflecting with triumph the heav'n-smiling day!
 British tars still shall reign o'er the vast swelling main,
 With hearts warm and steady,
 Undaunted and ready,
 To lead them to conquest—again and again.

The Guardians of Albion each peril can brave,
 Like the sun, fraught with glory, though rough as the
 wave;
 Like the winds, to all points, shall their valour extend,
 And their minds prove as firm as the rocks they
 defend.
 Let the loud roaring main echo back the proud strain,
 Our tars shall be ready,
 Undaunted and steady,
 To prove their own virtue—again and again.*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter DEBORAH and PEGGY.

Deborah. Lackaday! Peggy, child, how can'st
 talk in this manner? how can'st thee wish to see
 Richard any more, when thee know'st he left thee
 behind to go sailing on the salt seas.

Peggy.

* For this loyal and patriotic song, the author is indebted
 to the talents of Mrs. Robinson, whose poetical genius is too
 high in the estimation of the public to need any eulogium in
 this place.

Peggy. Well, aunt, I like him the better for it; you know his King demanded his assistance, and I should have deemed him unworthy of my esteem, hadn't he cheerfully obeyed the call. Consider, it was to secure our safety that he went abroad; for how should we be able to live comfortably at home, were it not for our brave countrymen defying every danger, in order to defeat our enemies, and preserve our religion and our laws?

Deborah. Law! why there is no occasion to fight about law, sure? Or if there is, let them set the lawyers at work, and they will battle them with a vengeance, if they are well paid for it, I warrant you.

Peggy. Dear Aunt, let us haste to enquire if Richard is safe returned.

Deborah. Well, well, thou art a good girl, I must say, Peggy, so I will humour you. Our late lady of the manor bestowed a power of learning on you to be sure, and but for the sad goings on of her husband, Sir Harry, who you know, squandered away all their fortune at the gaming table, I dare say she would have provided handsomely for you in her will.

Peggy. My learning has at least taught me this lesson, Aunt, to be content with the situation I am placed in, which perhaps might not have been the case

case had I moved in a higher sphere;—riches may grace happiness, but it is virtue only that can bestow it.

Deborah. Ay, ay, child, you say right, the great folks are never happy.

Peggy. You mistake me, Aunt, there are many instances of felicity amongst the great; and indeed our sex cannot copy from a better pattern than the bright example which is set them by the *first* female in the kingdom, whose virtues have been long beheld with admiration and delight.

Deborah. Ah! Peggy, I am never better pleased than when you are prattling or singing to me, that is always sure to put me in good humour. Come, child, you shall sing to me as we go along, it will make our walk seem the shorter, and let your song be about Jocky and Jenny—Oh, I do love to hear you sing.

Peggy. I never experience a greater satisfaction than in obeying your commands. But pray, my dear Aunt, do not be angry with me on Richard's account; you **know** his worth, and that we have long been betrothed to each other: I am well assured he loves me, and it shall be my constant study to preserve his affection. I will ever be obedient to his will, not covet to go abroad and riot in fine cloaths, but remain at home all day like a
house

house dove, and if he is with me, be glad, and merry; if he is away, I will bid my throbbing heart be still and patient until he returns; and if by chance some drops should fill my eyes, I will dry them up when I hear him coming, and meet my love with a face of joy.

Deborah. Ah! blessings on thy dear heart, thou makest me love thee more and more every minute—But come Peggy, begin the song I mentioned, there's my good girl.

Peggy. You shall hear it directly out.

[The following song was not written by the author, but introduced by Mrs. Kemble, at the particular request of her friends.]

S O N G.

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town, in the rosy
time of the year,

Sweet flowers bloom'd and the grass was down, and
each shepherd woo'd his dear.

Bonny Jockey blithe and gay,

Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay,

The lassie blush'd and frowning cry'd, no, no, it will
not do,

I cannot cannot, wonnot wonnot, mannot buckle too.

B

Jockey

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
 Tho' long he had follow'd the lafs,
 Contented she earn'd and eat her brown bread,
 And merrily turn'd up the grafs.
 Bonny Jockey blithe and free,
 Won her heart right merrily.
 Yet still she blush'd and frowning cry'd, no, no, it will
 not do,
 I cannot cannot, wonnot wonnot, mannot buckle too,
 But when he vow'd he wou'd make her his bride,
 Tho' his flocks and herds were not few,
 She gave him her hand and a kifs beside,
 And vow'd she'd for ever be true.
 Bonny Jockey blithe and free,
 Won her heart right merrily,
 At church she no more frowning cry'd, no, no, it will
 not do,
 I cannot cannot, wonnot wonnot, mannot buckle too.

[Exit.

Enter HARRIET (Dressed in Boy's Cloaths.)

Oh! Cupid, Cupid, thou little rogue, what dis-
 guises dost thou make us assume, I hope I shall
 get off undiscovered in mine. Oh! Freeman!
 little do you suspect my guardian's duplicity; who
 notwithstanding he encouraged your addressee to
 me, and pledged his solemn promise for our union,
 yet you was no sooner gone to attend the duties of
 your profession, than he would have basely com-
 pelled

pelled me to marry his neighbour, Mr. Vulture, who being old and rich, would have married me without my fortune; but I have luckily been able to escape the snare that was laid for me, and if I can but meet my Freeman,—alas! shall I ever meet him more? oh! Freeman, were I assured of thy safety, I should be more at ease.

S O N G.

Hope, doubt and fear are winds and waves
More dreadful to the love-tost mind,
Than those the skilful seaman braves
Who leaves pale care and grief behind.

Yet oh! be still, my frantic brain,
Let reason whisper to thy fears;
My sailor may return again,
Crown'd with success to dry my tears.

Britannia hail! thou mighty queen,
The strength, the power, the seas are thine;
Long may thy power on Justice lean,
To be preserv'd they must combine.

To courage singly ne'er resort,
For Virtue is thy true support;
'Tis that alone can strength maintain,
Be virtuous, and for ever reign.

Who

Who comes here? hey! why sure it is Cabin the Sailor, I have so often seen with Freeman—oh! how my heart palpitates.

Enter CABIN.

Harkee! friend, can you tell me where I can find Captain Freeman?

Cabin. Why I am now steering towards him, my little cockboat.

Harriet. Then he is safe (*aside*), will you give me leave to accompany you?

Cabin. With all my heart, why, do you want to enter into the service, my tight one? faith, you are a well-built little frigate, but now I take a peep at you again, these timbers of your's do not seem fit for rough weather,—d——e if I think you ever had your bow scraped yet—your chin is as bare as a biscuit.

Harriet. Come, my good fellow, let us haste to your Captain.

Cabin. Avast, we must not weigh anchor yet, I must lie too a little; however, if you are in a hurry, push your boat off by yourself, you will fall in with the Captain at 'Squire Heartly's, near the Parade.

Harriet. A thousand thanks for your intelligence.

[*Exit.*

Cabin.

Cabin. How he scuds along, I think I have seen his phiz somewhere, but I cannot find by my log-book where it was.

Enter BOWSPRIT.

Bowspirit. Rare news! Cabin, rare news, my hearty, his Majesty's honour is coming amongst us.

Cabin. Is he? then I hope our messmates will keep themselves sober (*Pulls out a Flask Bottle and Drinks*) I must say that some of our men are terribly given to drinking, (*Drinks*) our crew are brave fellows to be sure, but some of them will stow too much grog aboard, (*Drinks*) every soul of you would get drunk if I did not take care to prevent you. (*Drinks*)

Bowspirit. Why you do take care of that indeed, if you keep all the liquor to yourself——hand us a sup; is it wine, Tom?

Cabin. Wine! hey, do you think I have no more regard to my health than to drink wine, you swab; no, no, wine is too strong for me so I drink brandy—but I do not like to take down much, only when it blows a hurricane here, why I cant a slug of this into my bread room to calm it. But I fancy I shall lay an embargo on it for the future, for as it is a French spirit, I do not think it can blow any good to me: no, I will soon leave it off,

I

I shall steer steadier without it,—besides, I do not approve of applying *French remedies* to an English constitution.

Bowspirit. Well said, Tom!

Enter RUDDER, *pulling in* FLIMSEY, *Sailors following.*

Rudder. Here, Tom Cabin, we have made bold to bring this here thing along with us; I fancy he is some rope-dancer, or some such sort of an outlandish Merry-Andrew. He is quiet enough now, but when we first hove in sight, he seemed as brave as a lion, and was abusing a young woman, because she would not let him take her in tow.

Cabin. Why you lubber, you might be sure he could not be brave by his doing that;—No, no, d——e, a brave fellow will always protect a woman, but scorns to insult her.

Flimsey. Hark ye, tarpaulins, if you offer to detain me, I will make complaint to your officers.

Cabin. Avast, master Tiddidoll, shut your biscuit mill—I say, suppose we send this puppy aboard the tender?

Flimsey. Me on board a tender, monster!

Rudder. No, no, Tom, he is no more fit for sea service than brown paper is to make a mainsail.

Bowspirit. I think I know this fair weather spark, —ay, ay, he lived within a door or two of my mother,

mother, at Brighthelmstone, his name is Flimsey, and he is a man-milliner.

Cabin. A what?

Bowspit. A man-milliner.

Cabin. What the devil fish is that?

Rudder. Why one that measures out thread and laces, and bonnets and caps, and all sorts of head rigging for ladies.

Cabin. Sink me if I could think a fellow would so much disgrace himself; d——e, what a shame it is that a man, especially an Englishman, should stand behind a counter to hand out ribbons and top-knots, when hundreds of our country-women are in want of employment. Ah! no wonder there are so many poor unfortunate girls at a loss for a comfortable birth, and foundered on the quicksands of distress, when such lazy lubbers as you prevent their making an honest livelihood, by taking up a business which they only ought to pursue, and which is beneath the character of a man to follow.

Flimsey. I shall remember this audacious language to your cost, you brute.—I insist on going this instant.

Cabin. So you shall, master guinea pig, but it shall be with us. I say, messmates, we will take this butterfly on board, and keep him to darn stockings;

stockings;—ay, ay, we will clap him on a jacket and trowsers, he can never be rated *able*, indeed, but he will pass in *ordinary* well enough, we will give him a birth in the Cock-pit, as the surgeon's lint scraper, or as he is quite delicate, suppose we enter him as principal page to the admiral's tea kettle.

Rudder. So we will.

Cabin. Have you picked up any more hands?

Rudder. Yes, we have just sent Locust, the pettifogging lawyer aboard; you know he was the shark that cheated poor Jack Mizen's widow and six children out of the prize money he left them.

Cabin. If we could lop off all such unworthy limbs of the law, I am sure the respectable members of the profession would thank us; for it would render the whole body a great deal of service; the law is like a ship, and should be kept clear from vermin, and the useless lumber thrown overboard.

Rudder. Come, we must bear a hand, and get aboard, because our commander, King George, is coming.

Bowspirit. Awaft, lads, let us drop anchor here a little; here, tapster, hand out a can of grog.

Cabin. (*Drinking.*) See there now, you are going to drink again, you are never easy but when you are washing your lockers; I see how it will be,—I say nothing,—I mention no names—but I think some-

somebody will be half seas over presently (*drinks*). Yes, yes, I see somebody will have their upper decks overflowed with liquor; I see that as clear as the seven elements.

Rudder. Seven elements! why you talk as if you had lost your seven senses. I tell you there are but four elements, water and malt are two of them, and fire and brimstone the other two.

Cabin. I am sure there is a fifth element, however, and that's brandy and tobacco, you son of a bachelor.

Enter LANDLORD with a Tankard.

Landlord. Here's the grog.

Cabin. Let me grapple it, and I'll keep a good look out that nobody shall have too much of it. I will, if possible, hinder you from making beasts of yourselves. Now if I was not your pilot here, d——e, but some of you would roll about like a ship in a storm; but we'll have a song,—sing away, Rudder, and we'll all bear a bob.

S O N G.

'Twas on the twenty-eighth of May,
The morning being clear,
A fleet to windward we espy'd,
They Frenchmen did appear.

C

The

The signal for the same being made,
 The chase was soon begun,
 And then for battle we prepar'd
 To shew Monfieurs some fun.
 On the first of June we play'd a tune
 That made the Frenchmen sigh,
 Resolv'd to shew the mur'd'rous foe,
 That British courage still would flow,
 To make them strike or die.

My shipmates now let's celebrate
 A day of great renown,
 Which will this victory relate
 To ages yet unknown.
 Come let us raise our voice to praise
 The gallant name of HOWE,
 We'll toast our Admirals in our glass,
 Our girls too shall go round;
 Each heart shall sing, Long live the King,
 And each again reply,
 If e'er we're call'd again we'll shew
 That British courage still shall flow
 To make them strike or die.*

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter DOLLY, DICK, and other Country People.

Dolly. Come, why doesn't thee meake heaste,
 Sall, why, thou art as tiresome as our pigs at home.

Enter

* This spirited tribute to the late glorious triumph of the British Navy, was written by an officer on board the *Bellerophon*, the day after the action. It has been printed in the *True Briton*, but being in its original state much too long for the stage, the author has taken the liberty of availing himself of a few stanzas.

Enter SALLY with one Patten in her Hand, and JOE holding the other.

Sally. Nay, Dolly, doant talk so, I broke the ribband of my patten, and I stopp'd to tie it, and got our Joe to hold the other for me.

Dick. Ay, ay, Joe is better I believe at loosening a knot than fastening one.

Joe. Mayhap not, Dick; I fancy thee art as good as myself at woman's work any day.

Dolly. You are both bad enough for that matter, and almost as false hearted as gentlefolks.

Enter Sergeant FIRELOCK and Corporal CARTRIDGE,

Drum and Fife.

Sergeant. Well met, my Hercules, give me your hand, my brave Alexander. (*to Joe.*)

Joe. Alexander! lord, you mistake, I was christened Joseph.

Sergeant. Well said, Joseph,—and so you are come to Portsmouth to see the review, my honest fellow?

Joe. Aye, Measter Sergeant.

Sergeant. What say you to going with us, we'll shew you reviews. How should you like to be a Soldier?

Dick.

Dick. I shou'd like to be a Captain, but I woudn't be a Soldier on any account.

Joe. Well now, I shou'd like to be a Sailor if it was not for going to sea.

Dolly. For my part I like the Soldiers best, they look so fierce, and so meek, and so audacious.

Sally. Now doan't ye stand chattering here, but let's begone, or we shall miss the shew; there's to be guns firing, and bells ringing, and flags flying, and—

Sergeant. Ah! my Lads! the Corporal and I have seen such firing abroad.

Dick. Tell us some of the fights you have seen, Sergeant.

Sergeant. Why, Sir, I have seen the guns take the side of a house here, and the side of a house there, and mend them up again with the side of another house.

Corporal. I have seen the roof of a castle taken off with a chain shot, and in the twinkling of an eye a baggage-waggon with four horses clapped in the place on't.

Joe (whistles.) That's a gun.

Sergeant. You think he lies now—I have seen a steeple taken off with a chain shot, and another put in the place on't, with twenty men ringing the bells.

Corporal.

Corporal. Pooh! what's that to what I have seen?—I saw an old man's head set upon a young man's shoulders—and once in a town besieged, I met a hand with a letter in it post haste, and by-and-bye whiz comes the leg after it, as if the hand had forgot half its errand.

Sergeant. Ay, I saw the very man that had lost them come hopping upon his other leg, to raise a hue and cry after the bullet that had robbed him of half himself.

Corporal. In that very town a worthy fellow, a taylor, lost his head, and it was no sooner off but a lawyer's head, that nobody owned, dropped down and settled upon honest Stitch's shoulders.—The fellow was ruined by the change, for he never spoke a word of truth afterwards.

Joe. I fancy you and the Sergeant met with accidents of the same kind, for I never heard such fibs in my born days.

Sergeant. We have told you nothing but truth.—Lift with us, and you will see all these fine things yourself when you go abroad.

Joe. No thankee; I had rather stay at home. Ecod I shouldn't loike to have my head whilk'd off and somebody else's clap'd in its stead, for fear it shouldn't fit my neck so well as my own.

Dick.

Dick. I'fecks, mayhap one might have one's head shot off, and a leg with a jack boot on it fettle in its place, and that would put one so plaguily out of countenance.

Sergeant. Pooh, pooh! you will be in no danger, lad! Muskets and cannons are as harmless as hay-bands, when one is used to them.—Why, Sir, I have often slept in a cannon, and once when I was taking a nap there, I was fired off amongst the enemy, who, instead of detaining me as a prisoner of war, popped me into another cannon, and sent me back again the same way, and hang me if I received the least injury.

Joe. Well, you are letting off your great guns at a fine rate, measter Sergeant; but you are only throwing away your powder, for all these reports won't make us go off with you abroad, for we be come to Portsmouth to look at what will please us much better than any thing we can see in foreign parts.

Sergeant. What's that?

Joe. Why King George and his Family—and to see them in good health and spirits, is a sight we would rather behold than any other you can mention.

Sergeant. Well said, my lad, come, you shall go with us to the review, and afterwards take share of

a mug of ale with me,—nay, you shall all go with us.

Joe. With all my heart.

Enter SUSAN, fanning herself with her Hat.

Susan. I have walked myself out of breath to overtake you; there be all the tip top gentlefolks coming, lords, dukes, 'squires, bishops, and churchwardens.

Dolly. What's that peaper thee has't got in thy hand?

Susan. Why I staid at field end to hear a man sing purely all about the show that is to be; and so I gave him a halfpenny for the ballad, and I got the tune for nothing,—come you shall hear it.

S O N G.

The bells are begun and the music folks play,
'The fine flags are flying in sunshine of day,
The sea and the shore with re-echoings ring,
His Majesty comes, and we honour our King.

Our rakes lie neglected along the new hay,
And ploughs are forsook for the sake of this day,
Abroad all is mirth, so we seek for a share,
At home we've left labour to look after care.

'Tis holiday all, and we'll holiday make,
'Tis all for,—God bless him—his Majesty's sake,
Tho' simple my song is, and simply I sing,
Yet who can say better, than long live the King.

[*Exeunt Singing.*]

SCENE.—*A Room at a Tavern. Table with Wine, &c. on.*

Enter CAPTAIN FREEMAN *and* HEARTLY.

Freeman. Yes, yes, Charles, as this is a day of jollity, I mean to throw aside all ceremony, and take my glass in company with the honest tars that I have invited here, and you must be of our party.

Heartly. Willingly — There is something so truly original in the character of English Seamen, so hearty, and so disinterested, that is seldom to be met with in any other kingdom.

Enter CABIN, RUDDER, BOWSPRIT, *and other Sailors.*

Freeman. Come, my boys, sit down and take your glasses, and fill them to the brim.

Cabin. If it wasn't that I dislike disobeying orders, I wouldn't touch a drop; but however your honour commands, and so here goes.

Freeman. Cabin, I don't wish you to drink if its disagreeable to you.

Cabin. Thank your honour, but as every body else seems inclined to it, I won't look particular by refusing, though I assure your honour it goes against my stomach.

Freeman.

Freeman. Now, my lads, a bumper,—here's his Majesty's health (*drinks,*) long may he live, and may his subjects rejoice in him.

Cabin. I must drink that, however.—Here's King George's health, God bless him, and that's all the harm I wish him. [*All drink, the sailors give three cheers, and the boatswain pipes.*]

Rudder. I say, Cabin, we are to make another trip soon, so push the grog about, for who knows if we shall ever see old England again.

Cabin. Why we must take our chance, and if we are popped into Davy Jones's locker, our wives and children will be taken in tow afterwards, and that's a great comfort.

Bowspirit. How do you mean, Cabin?

Cabin. Mean!—why not only our country *men*, but our country *women*, have, with the true spirit of British generosity, entered into a large subscription, to provide for the necessities of the widows and orphans of those brave fellows, who gloriously fall in defending the cause of their King and Country.

Rudder. D——e but I'd drink good luck to them, in a can of grog as deep as the Bay of Biscay.

Freeman. Aye, my boys, however the folks of Old England may differ amongst themselves in

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some points, yet there is one case in which they always agree,—whenever the signal of distress is thrown out, they instantly crowd all the sail they can to afford relief; and I am sure they never feel happier than when they see those who have been beating about on the shoals of affliction, safe moored in the harbour of prosperity.

Cabin. I hope, Captain, that the vessel call'd Great Britain, may always have a pilot at her helm, that will keep a good look out to steer her steady;—and in rough weather, if the whole crew go hand in hand with him, and lend their help, d——e but she may bid defiance to any storm that can threaten her.

Rudder. Aye, the Britannia is as noble a vessel as was ever launched, and I think the Constitution is a well built little frigate too.

Freeman. Well said, my lad, and you shall all drink a bumper to that frigate—charge your glasses,—may the English Constitution never have a rotten plank, but live in spite of every squall of faction, and sail down the current of time, the wonder of the world.

Sailors. Huzza! huzza! huzza!

Cabin. O dear, now I shall be obliged to drink again, that's bearing d——'d hard upon me.

Freeman,

Freeman. Now, my jolly fellows, suppose we have a song, I'll try at one myself if you will bear a chorus.

Sailors. We will, noble Captain.

Enter LANDLORD.

Landlord. Here is a young gentleman wishes to speak with you, Captain.

Freeman. I will be with him directly.

[*Exit Landlord.*

Heartly. Let us have the song first, and I will accompany you.

Freeman. With all my heart.

S O N G.

Ye free born sons, Britannia's boast,
Firm as your rock surrounded coast,
Ye sovereigns of the sea;
On every shore where billows roll,
From east to west, from pole to pole,
Fair conquest celebrates your name,
Witness'd aloud by wondering fame,
Ye lads who dare be free.

Mistake

Mistake me not, my hearts of oak,
 I scorn with liberty to joke,
 Ye sovereigns of the sea;
 Assist, uphold your church and state,
 Your great men good, and good men great,
 Awe all abroad, at home unite,
 And jovial join in faction's spite,
 Then, then my friends, you're free.

Ye sovereigns of wide ocean's waves
 To heroes long enshrined in graves,
 A requiem let us sing;
 I, Alfred, Henry, Edward name,
 Then William our deliverer came,
 May future ages Brunswick own,
 Perpetual heir to Britain's throne,
 So here's God save the King.

[*Exeunt Captain Freeman and Heartly.*]

Cabin. Now you must not think of staying here to drink, we have got something else to mind. (*Bows.*) What can we mind better while we are on shore?

Rudder. Aye, or at sea either, except it is fighting.

Enter LANDLORD.

Landlord. Make haste, my boys, his Majesty is going aboard directly.

Cabin.

Cabin. Heave a head, my lads, and let us be ready to receive him.

Huzza! King George and Old England for ever.

[*Exeunt Sailors huzzaing.*]

Enter CAPTAIN FREEMAN, HEARTLY, and
HARRIET.

Freeman. Is it possible!—and are you really my Harriet?

Harriet. That I am Harriet is most certain, and that I have considered myself your Harriet, is as certain, or I should not have taken so much trouble to find you.

Freeman. My dearest love, how much I feel myself indebted to you for this proof of your constancy and affection.

Harriet. You see what unaccountable creatures we women are; after making and unmaking a thousand resolutions, I contrived to get the writings of my fortune, which my guardian refused to give up to me, and thus accoutred, escaped from his tyranny. Now, if my frolic has not made you think light of me, and if my hand that gives these papers to your protection, can give you any farther pleasure, my heart is your's.

Freeman. My dearest Harriet, I want words to express the joy this declaration affords me.

Heartly.

Heartly. I wish you joy, Madam.

Harriet. I hope I shall not incur any censure, Mr. Heartly, by this conduct, as I assure you, Sir, I only obey the commands of my much loved and honoured parents, who always taught me to look on Mr. Freeman as my intended husband, which my guardian, from interested motives, would have prevented.

Enter CABIN and Sailors.

Cabin. Your honour, his Majesty's worship is expected every minute.

Freeman. I will accompany you, my lads;—this will be an exhibition that no part of the world can equal—a King of Great Britain reviewing his Royal Navy, and encouraging, by his presence, his honest hearted sailors, is such a picture, that every Englishman must exult in!—It has long been wished for, and the accomplishment of it must give universal satisfaction.

Cabin. D——e, but I believe the ocean is the firmest ground an Englishman can stand upon.

Heartly. Well said, my honest fellow.

Freeman. Since our foes have roused the British Lion, they shall find, that though an Englishman
is

is too juſt to draw his ſword without reaſon, he is too brave to ſheath it without honour.

[The boatſwain's call is heard behind the ſcenes. The Sailors run off, crying out, aye, aye, a loud hallowing behind, guns firing at a diſtance, the ſcene draws, and diſcovers the ſhips and boats as at the review. After which, enter all the characters, when the following ſong is ſung.]

Freeman. Great Britain ſtill her charter boatts,
Which Heav'n benignly gave;
Tho' hoſtile pow'rs ſurround our coaſts,
Our darling land we'll ſave;
Old England will be England ſtill,
And aid each good ally;
Nor dread alarms, while Britiſh arms
Are crown'd with victory.

Suſan. When princes take the lead in war,
To guard a nation's laws;
The yeoman ſcorns each threat'ning ſcar,
And joins the common cauſe.
Old England, &c.

Peggy. Let valour now with mercy blend,
While juſtice ſtrikes the blow;
Our rights preſerve, our King defend,
And ſcourge a haughty foe.
Old England, &c.

Harriet.

Harriet. Here one impregnant phalanx stands,
T'assert great fate's decree,
King, Lords, and Commons joining hands,
Protect our liberty.

Old England, &c.



THE END.

